Little TIGER

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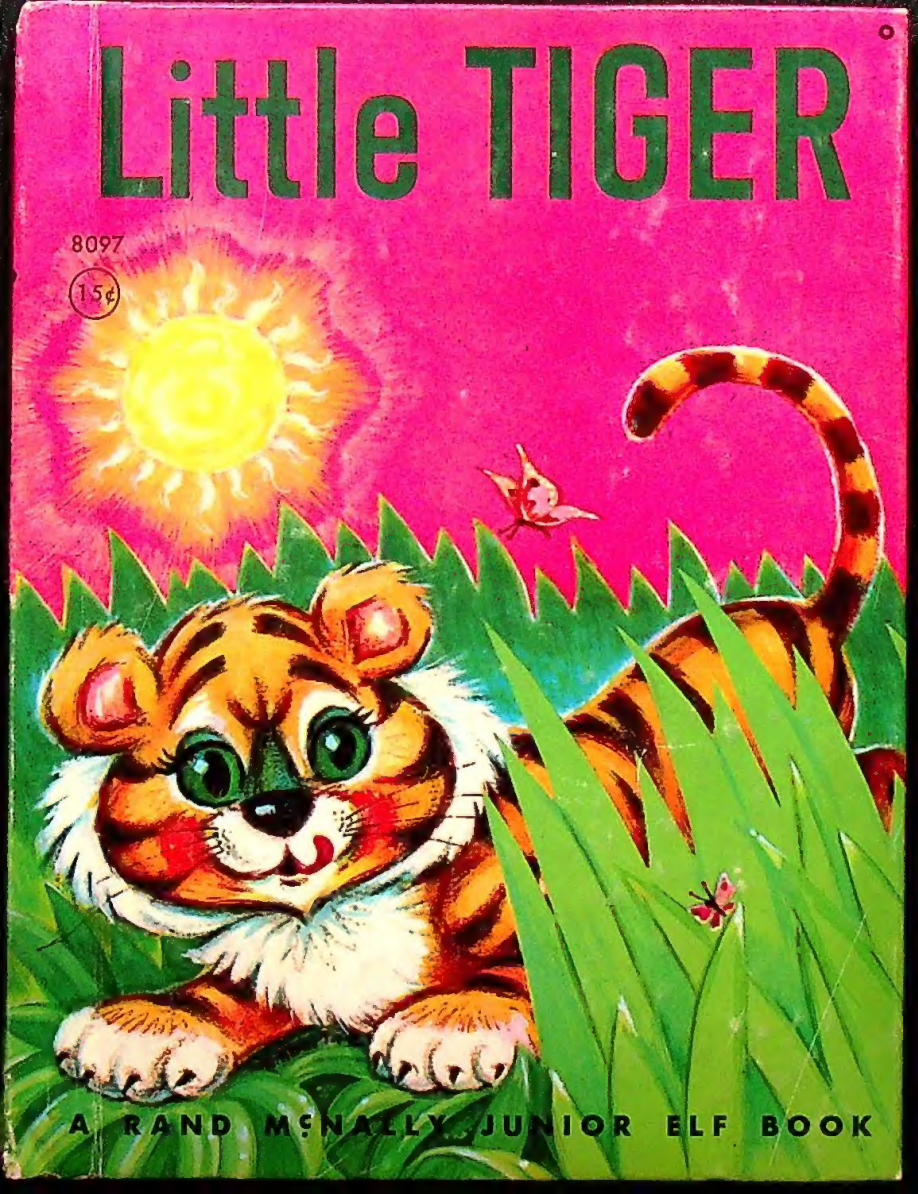

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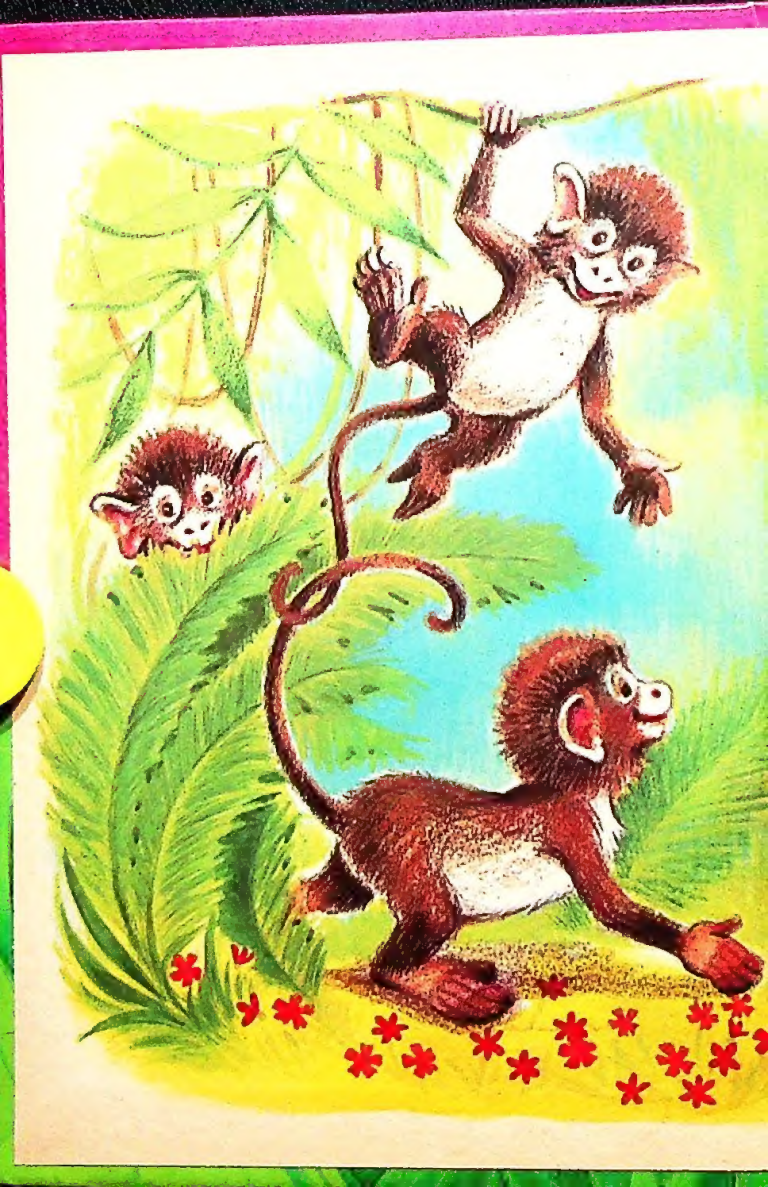

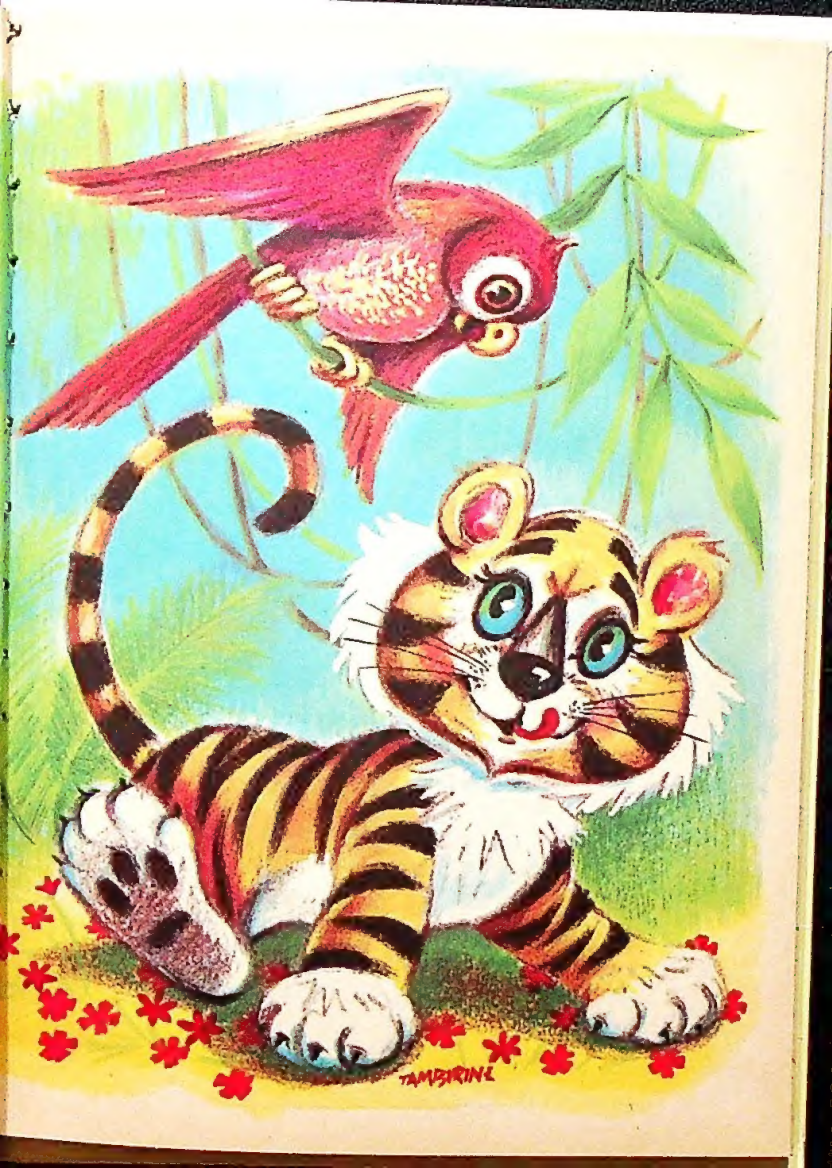
TAMBURINI

To Trip,
another Little Tiger
TAMBURINE

Little TIGER

By MABEL WATTS

Illustrated by Jean Tamburine

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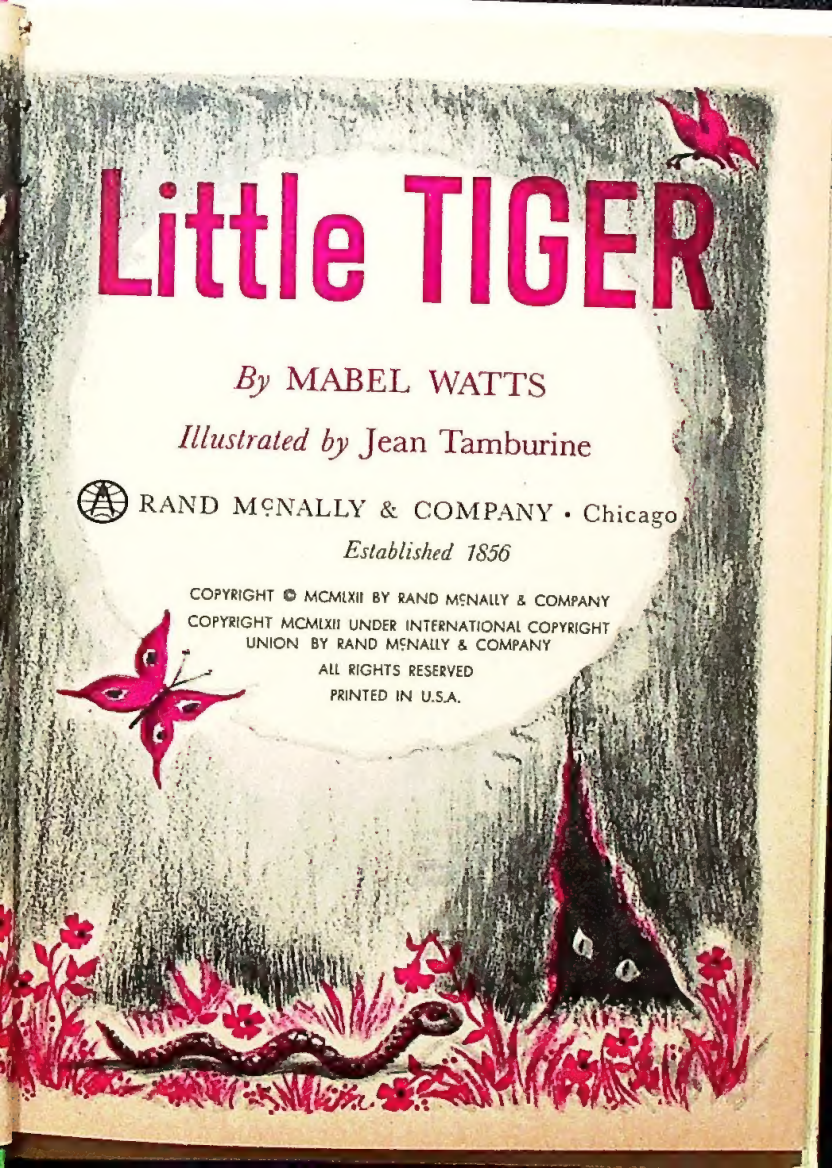

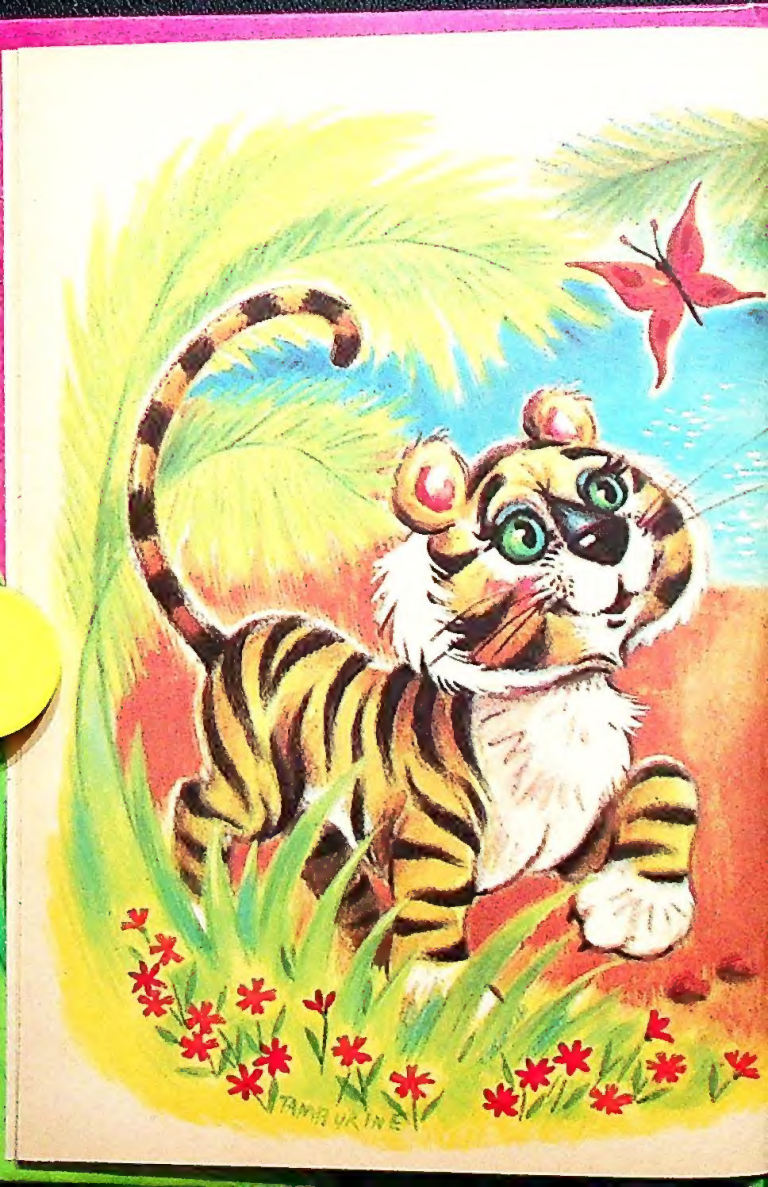
TAMARKINE

TERENCE the little tiger wasn't quite a baby any more. Yet he wasn't anywhere near being a grown-up tiger either, like his mother, or his father.

Terence liked to run and romp with the other little animals in the jungle. He liked to copy their ways, and copy their sounds.

"Lessons before play," said his mother one day. "And first a little tiger should learn how to *creep!*"

Terence's mother crept softly along, through the tall grasses. "Like this," she said, "so no one can hear you coming!"

Terence crept through the grass. But oh dear, first he stepped on a twig that went *snip*. He stepped on a leaf that went *crackle*. And he trod on a toadstool that plainly went *squash*.

"We see you! We see you!" whistled his friends, the birds.

"We hear you! We hear you!" croaked his friends, the frogs.

The mother tiger shook her head.

"You creep like a hippo," she told Terence, "because you always *play* with Little Hippo!"

"Next you must learn to POUNCE!" said the Little Tiger's father. "You

pounce like *this*. And you give the other animals a good scare!"

"All the animals?" asked Terence.

"All except the buffalo bull," said his father. "And even a tiger does not like to scare the big bad buffalo bull."

Terence wiggled his whiskers, and pounced at a beetle, but he missed it.

"Too bad!" screeched the parrots.

"Better luck next time!" barked the leopard.

"You pounce like a rhino," the father tiger told Terence, "because you always *play* with Little Rhino!"

"May I play with Little Rhino now?" asked Terence.

"Business before pleasure!" said the father tiger. "And next you must learn to climb a tree."

The two big tigers, and the one little tiger climbed up a big banyan tree. They

crept along a good strong branch, and hid themselves among the leaves.

"Now you roar, 'Boo!' " said the father tiger. "And you make all the other animals run!"

"All the animals?" asked Terence.

"All except the buffalo bull," said his father. "No one says, 'Boo!' to the big bad buffalo bull. Even a tiger!"

Terence tried to roar. But all he could say was, "Chee-chee!"

"You sound just like a monkey," the mother tiger told her child, "because you always *play* with Little Monkey."

Suddenly Terence began to slip and slide and bump his nose. If it hadn't been

for his good sharp claws he would have fallen out of that banyan tree, smack, onto the ground.

"You climb a tree like an elephant," said his father, "because you always *play* with Little Elephant."

"May I play with Little Elephant now?"

"Not now," yawned Father Tiger. "Ho-Hum!"

"Not now," yawned Mother Tiger. "Ho-Hum!"

It was time for Terence's mother and father to return to their cave for their afternoon nap.

"Please," begged Terence. "I want to play NOW!"

"No," said his mother. "While we are resting you must practice your creeping."

"And your pouncing," said his father. "And your climbing. You must also learn how to roar!"

"Practice makes perfect, dear," said his mother.

Suddenly the Little Tiger had the banyan tree all to himself. For a moment it seemed as if he were all by himself in the jungle. . . .

Then who should come along but the buffalo bull. Yes, indeed, it was the Big Bad Buffalo Bull himself!

The big animal could not see Terence because he was so well-hidden in the leaves, thank goodness!

Terence tried to roar, "Boo!" to the buffalo, to scare him away. But he was so frightened and excited he made all sorts of other animal noises, instead!

He whistled like a bird. And croaked like a frog. And barked like a leopard. And jabbered like a parrot. And grunted like a hippo. And trumpeted like an elephant. And chattered like a monkey. And hooted like an owl . . . all at the same time!

Together, the sounds made a thunderous roar. It was an honest-to-goodness TIGER roar . . . and it scared the big bad buffalo bull to bits.

"It would take a large and terrible

tiger," he thought, "to make such a big, tremendous roar!"

The buffalo looked all around. But he saw absolutely nothing. Still, he'd better go, he decided, while he could.

The big animal bellowed, and charged down the trail. And he disappeared between the bamboos and palm trees, never to be seen in the jungle again.

Terence's big roar brought all the

other jungle animals running, hopping, and flying to the banyan tree.

It brought the little tiger's mother and father, too. And they found their child quite safe and sound in the banyan tree, where they had left him.

"There are times," said his mother, "when children should be seen, but not heard!"

"And there are times," laughed his father, "when children should be HEARD, but not SEEN!"

"Yes, indeed," the other animals all agreed.

Terence the little tiger wasn't quite a baby any more. He was nowhere near being a grown-up tiger, either. *But he was learning.*

And now it was time for play!

TAMBURINI

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